

Anthologia



By Roberto
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Preface

Just keep reading
and collecting a
Cubist angled
painting in it.

I. Romanos

I was in a room,
and I was walking
up and down. I
met Ilaan and
smoked a
cigarette. We
were in Madrid.
We then went to
the store and
bought another
pack of
cigarettes. We

even smoked four packs. We were sitting in a room in Madrid and talking. Ulises then walked into a car. It was a small car, old and super 8 mm type. I was in a car next to it. We kept

smoking that
night.

II. Chicas

All the women
were smoking and
dancing. She was
waving her hands
and even
speaking Madrid
Spanish. My lover

Caro, was in fact
also singing and
talking.

III. Cara, los Dios

In fact I meant
the Gods must
know us. We are
known to the
Griegos as well. I
am that happy

this night to hear that Ilaan is fine and smoking in his small car. He was suffering for months. We wished we freed him, but he is always smoking and abusive and funny.

IV. Los Dios, Alena

I mean then mira,
see here. I want
you to see this
answer I gave to
the worker who
bought my
cargas. I was
wearing shoes

and trousers and
a formal t-shirt. I
was in fact heroic
to all. I was typing
on an old
typewriter all my
life's stories. We
were known to
the Gods.

Part II

I. Pascal

Kill and murder
discussions,
becoming in fact
dying to meet
discussions.

In one case, we
were watching
ballet and I
walked up to Caro

and talked to her
outside the
theatre. Ilaan was
inside with the
women. Ulises
was talking to
some theatre
actor.

II. Spectacles and Flowers, Beca.

We got a old
clothing stand
and dragged it
into the house. I
was standing in
the room and
talking while they
washed the
clothes. All the

chicas were with
a beca trouser
and old shirt.

III. Maradera

I was in a car, and
speeding. I was
also finally aware
of this point. I
was with all of

them, an old pot
of leaves. I met
Ilaan, he was
joking in
mannerisms.
Ulises was on a
computer, an old
computer and
seeing his works
on a table with an
ash tray.

Part III

I. Conversations on a Old Pay Phone

Preoccupations
familiar to anyone
who's read the
letters I wrote
before – dreams
and issues on my
money problems

and Breza
summaries of
unwritten novels –
appear along with
his trademark
style. To be
honest, I don't
know what to say.
I was here a year
ago when the
Murcesia
performances

happened but I
was just walking
around. I also to
be honest did not
see this
happening again.

II. A lot of Old Houses

This all-out prose
can make Arturo
and Ilaan, and

even Ulises a lot of fun (or, alternatively, ludicrous). One character's remark that his ex-wife loved doing "oddball things" – "talking as if she had a skating premise, or like the evil

child in a movie,
pretending her
feet are frogs" –
balloons into the
claim that most
women he's
known could turn
their body parts
"into frogs, or
elephants, or
chickens that
went cluck cluck

and then pecked,
know-it-all
snakes, white
crows, spiders,
wayward skating,
when they
weren't
transforming their
whole selves into
the problematic of
Neara, and
Catalan.

III.

As tends to be the case with a shorter work, he gave to Gael, it is less about the destination than the ride – but, like much of what he wrote, it leaves many new novels

looking pretty
bland. It was
published in
Spanish nearly 20
years ago.

Part IV – The Art
of Old Skating
Rinks and
Speeding
Wayward Ways

When Martiza,
the beautiful
Spanish figure
skater, is
suddenly dropped
from the Olympic
team, a besotted
admirer builds a
secret rink for her
in the ruins of an
old mansion on
the outskirts of

their seaside town. What he doesn't tell her is that he paid for it using embezzled public funds.

I was basically working for cheap skating rink ideas in a old mansion

and I was also
from Olympic
team dropped to
live here. Carasia
here. The rest is
Arturo's plan. He
was just working
out the plan as a
mansion we were
to stay in and live
in and he also
meant we should

work out some sentences for a long letter.

Embezzled public funds were all in the house. Arturo was wearing a t-shirt and formal trouser and handling the bills and wayward

skating all the chicas were doing. With Ilaan coughing and drinking lates.

And in fact Arturo kept saying “to be honest, I don’t know what to say or do.” He was reading a lot of

bills and reading
also a lot of
writings, and
letters and
walking around
like a stuck up
rich man.

He kept smoking
that night. He was
also in old art
figures of the

wall's old selan.
He was admiring
the house an old
mansion.

In one sense read
this again. It is
just the writer's
Bloque and a lot
of mansion
writings and
papers thrown

everywhere and
books spilled
everywhere. And
artists walking
around. Chicas
were though in
fact in bacas and
t-shirts and small
clothing
arguments as well
with Ilaan in the
skating rink.

Part V – Construccion

I was just in fact walking up and down the road nearby. I was also reading. I was also thinking of Ilaan and his promise to dance

and have sex with women. A lot of dancing going on and music with Ulises in the car in fact throwing out a number of old sandwhich bags.

To conclude the work is about just

these forms.

Arturo was in a mansion and smoking. When in fact the police was all over the crime scene.

Some Chilean guy on the phone was saying.

